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## The Old Women's Sayings In My Grandmother's Days

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# The Old Women's Sayings

## IN MY GRANDMOTHER'S DAYS.

Draw near and give attention and you shall hear in rhyme,  
The old woman's sayings in the olden time.  
High and low, rich and poor, by daylight or in the dark,  
Are sure for to make some curious remark,  
With some remark your brains they will bother,  
For some believe in one thing, and some in another.

### CHORUS.

These are the odds and the ends and the superstitious ways,  
They're the signs and the tokens of my grandmother's days.

The first thing you see at the house of rich or poor,  
To keep the witches out there's a horse shoe over the door,  
The bellows on the table cause a row by day or night,  
If there's two knives across you're sure to have a fight,  
A stranger in the grate, or if the cat should sneeze,  
Or lay before the fire 'twill sure to rain or freeze.  
These are the odds, *Am.*

A cinder with a hole in the middle is a purse,  
But a long one from the fire is a coffin which is worse,  
A spider ticking in the wall is a death watch at night,  
A spark in the candle is a letter sure as life,  
If your right eye itches you will cry till out of breath,  
A winding sheet in the candle is a sure sign of death.  
These are the odds, *Am.*

If your back should itch I do declare,  
Butter will be cheap when the grass grows there,  
If the dog howls at night or mournfully doth cry,  
Or if the cock should crow somebody will die,  
If you tumble up stairs, indeed I am no railer,  
You'll be married to a snob or else a drunken tailor.  
These are the odds, *Am.*

If your left eye itches you will laugh outright,  
But the left or the right is very good at night,  
If your elbow itches a strange bedfellow's found,  
If the bottom of your eyes itch you will tread upon strange  
ground,  
If your knees itch you will kneel in a church that is a good 'un,  
And if your stomach itches you will have a lot of pudding.  
These are the odds, *Am.*

A speck on your finger nail is a gift, that's funny,  
If your hands itch in the middle you will have a lot of money,  
Spilling of salt is anger outright,  
You'll see a ghost if the door should rattle in the night,  
If your sweetheart should dream of bacon and eggs,  
She'll have a little boy that will have three legs.  
These are the odds, *Am.*

If a girl snaps her fingers she will have a child it seems,  
And if she snaps two she will be sure to have twins,  
And if she snaps five, six or seven,  
It's a chance if she don't have ten or eleven,  
If she lays with her head down underneath the clothes,  
She'll have an ugly old man without any nose.  
These are the odds, *Am.*

If you see a star shoot you will have what you wish,  
If a hair gets in your mouth you will be drunk as a fish,  
If your little toe itches you'll be lost in a wave,  
If you shiver there is some one walking over your grave,  
If you go under a ladder you have bad luck and fall,  
But some say bad luck is better than none at all.  
So to please you outright, *Am.*